

## STRAWBERRIES NEED MUCH ATTENTION



Hedgerow System Produces More Berries Than by the Hill System.

(By M. N. EDGERTON.)

The strawberry plant should be kept growing without a check during the entire season if the best results are to be secured, for, unlike the bush and tree fruits it has no wood growth to ripen.

True, bud-protecting processes are going forward down in the heart crowns of the fruit, nevertheless it is necessary that leaf formation should go forward at the same time, at least until the season is well advanced.

About the time frosty weather appears it will be noticed that the leaves of the strawberry plants (this habit or characteristic is more noticeable in young plants than in those which have borne fruit) no longer retain the perpendicular but drop down on the ground.

Then it is that leaf growth is suspended for the season and plant activity directed toward the perfecting of the bud system.

Even when this stage of growth and development has been reached we believe that good rather than ill results follow in the wake of cultivation and hoe.

To preserve an ideal condition for the most perfect development of this

plant requires among other things that a proper condition of tillage be maintained in the soil, and this can be done only by preserving a certain degree of mellowness in the surface soil.

This loose surface soil prevents excessive evaporation of soil moisture and provides for the free circulation of air among soil grains, both of which are essential to plant welfare.

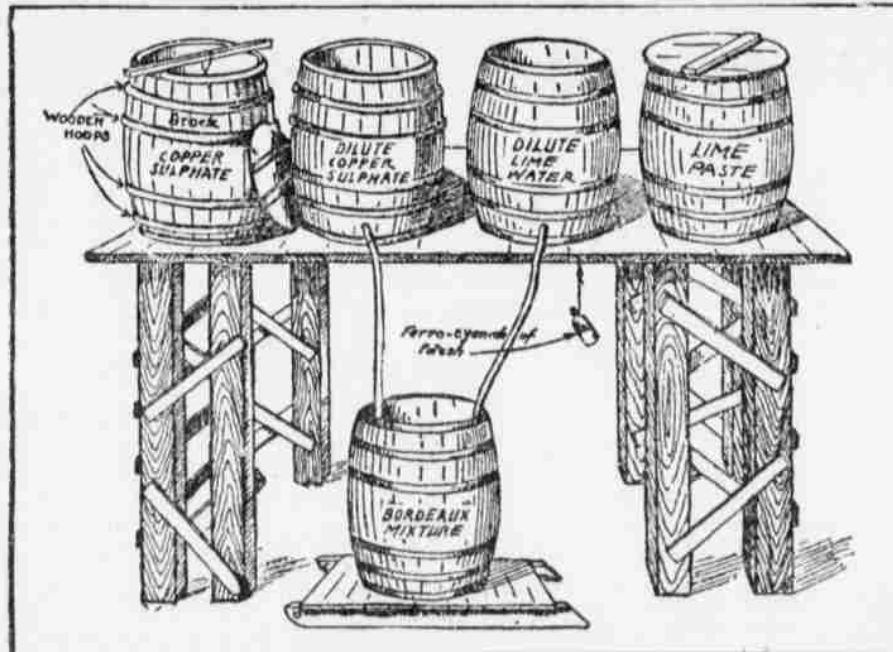
It is the moist mellow condition of the soil that makes ideal root pasture. The strawberry plant will not prosper if weeds are allowed to feed on the plant food, use up the moisture and absorb the sunshine needed by these plants to promote their normal growth and development. Weeds are robbers.

A strawberry plant that has been stunted in the growth through what ever cause can scarcely recover.

An occasional weed will escape the cultivator and hoe and will soon attain a rank growth these warm days of summer.

See how small and sickly the strawberry plant that is so unfortunate as to be growing in close proximity to weeds. Keep an eye out for such fellows.

## WAY TO PREPARE BORDEAUX MIXTURE



Bordeaux Mixture Outfit.

Bordeaux mixture is made of copper sulphate, lime and water.

These three substances are combined in various proportions, depending upon the kind of plant to be treated. For apples, pears, cherries and plums (except Japanese varieties) the preparation is usually four pounds copper sulphate with about the same amount of lime to 50 gallons of water. Poison is added as needed. The copper sulphate will readily dissolve in two gallons of hot water, to which should be added enough water to make 25 gallons or one-half barrel. Do not use an iron or tin vessel to dissolve this in as the copper sulphate will destroy it, and besides the iron will spoil the Bordeaux. A wooden pail is good. Slake the lime into a thin paste and add water to make 25 gallons. Pour, or let these run together into a third barrel, and the Bordeaux is made. When it is emptied into the spray barrel or tank, it should be strained through a brass wire strainer to catch any of the coarse particles.

Whenever it is necessary to use a quantity of the mixture, it is desirable to have the lime and copper sulphate in "stock solutions." A quantity of lime is slaked to a paste and held so by being covered with water. The copper sulphate, say 50 pounds, is placed in a clean gunny sack and suspended in a barrel (one with wood hoops is much to be preferred) containing 25 gallons of water. This will dissolve in about a day. One gallon of this stock solution is equal to two pounds of copper sulphate.

A good quick way to combine these three substances is as follows: Put the amount of the "stock solution" of copper sulphate required in a barrel and add enough water to make 25 gallons, or one-half barrel. Put about seven pounds of the lime paste in a barrel and add 25 gallons of water, making a thin whitewash. Pour, or let these two run together into a third barrel, or directly into the spray barrel or tank, being sure to strain. When partly run in, test with ferro-cyanide

of potash to make sure enough lime has been used. If Paris green, arsenate of lead, or any other poison is to be used, make it into a thin paste with a little water and add it to the Bordeaux mixture, which is now ready to be used.

## KILL HESSIAN FLY BY EARLY PLOWING

Fifty Million Bushels of Good Wheat Fed to Pest Every Year—How to Destroy It.

We feed 50,000,000 bushels of good wheat to the hessian fly every year, to say nothing of what it costs us to feed our chinch bugs and other pests, and have only ourselves to blame. There is only one subject in which all farmers agree, and that is, high taxes. They want pay for sheep killed by the neighbor's dogs. Why not ask pay for the wheat killed by the neighbor's hessian flies?

Cut the wheat high, above the second joint. Remove the grain from the field and stack it somewhere else. The fly is now in the resting stage and the safest way and only sure plan is for every farmer to plow every acre deeply and thoroughly within two weeks after harvest, turning under the stubble completely. This will fix Mr. Fly.

Team work is necessary. Teach the schoolchildren to look for the fly, and report it at every stage. Appoint a captain in every school district, who should be the best wheat grower in the neighborhood.

This early complete plowing will not only reduce the fly, but will be a great benefit to next year's crop. It does not let the field dry out after harvest, and gets it ready to hold all of the moisture which is so badly needed in most sections. It is stated that other things being equal, three acres plowed in July are worth five acres plowed in September.

## POULTRY

## LANGSHAN VERY HARDY FOWL

Uniformity in Size Make Them Desirable for Home Flock—Also a Wonderful Layer.

(By PAUL V. IVES.)

The Langshan is probably the oldest variety of standard fowl. It has been bred for many hundreds of years in the Langshan hill district of China, from which place the breed derives its name.

The Langshan has been bred for so long a time that the type is fixed and practically all birds bred from a mating come very true to the ancient type. They are so uniform that the casual observer will have difficulty in seeing any difference in them, and this feature makes them very desirable for a home flock on a gentleman's estate. They give tone and distinction to a place that no other breed will.

The Langshan is a wonderful winter layer of the largest of winter eggs, and as table fowl, too, is unsurpassed. The carcass is fine boned and white skinned, with an abundance of breast meat and very little offal for the size of the carcass. The finest of capons



Black Langshan Cock.

are made from this breed, and many good sales have been made in the last year by the breeders for this purpose.

They are very hardy, grow quickly and mature earlier than American breeds. With their erect red combs, wide-standing, cordy legs; short, beautifully curved backs; broad, full breasts and wide, full-flowing tails that rise as high or tower over the head, the Langshans present a most imposing appearance and attract much attention, whether on the farm or in the show.

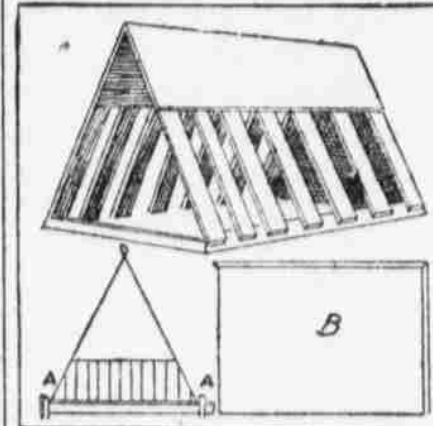
Two colors are bred in the Langshans, the older and more common blacks and the whites, which are more modern but fully as useful. They are just as good layers and perhaps more beautiful than the blacks. The whites as yet do not come so true to the old type as do the blacks, nor are they quite so large. There is in the process of evolution a blue variety that will, when perfected, be, in the opinion of some, handsomer than either its black or white cousins.

The Langshans are decidedly on the gain in popularity, and this with no concerted action on the part of the breeders to boom them. Breeders are unable to fill orders for eggs this spring, and anyone starting in this breed now with the idea of selling surplus stock or eggs for hatching at good prices will have the advantage of this rising tide of popularity that has set in for the Langshan.

## FEED COOP FOR THE CHICKS

Much Trouble Avoided by Providing Place for Little Fellows to Get Their Share of Food.

In feeding a flock of chickens it often happens that the older and stronger fowls get more than their share of the feed by driving the younger ones away. This trouble may be averted by making a covered coop for



Feeding Coop for Chicks.

the latter. The coop complete is shown in the larger drawing. It is a feeding board with a slot cut in front for drawing it out of coop. AA represent stakes driven at end of coop to anchor the feeding board when in use. Make front of coop so it can be removed easily. A cord and nail at top and stakes at bottom will do.

Same Height for Roosts. Have all the roosts in a hen house the same height. If they are of different heights all the hens will try to sit on the highest one.

## BE KINDER TO YOURSELF

Women Are Often Victims of Nervousness Because They Don't Know How to Relax.

One of the important things to know in life, especially if you are a woman, is how to let yourself alone, writes Mary Carolyn Davies in the Mother's Magazine. The ability to relax, the art of being judiciously lazy, the tact to let herself alone has saved many a woman from a nervous breakdown. We all know the housewife who nags herself into such a state of conscientiousness that she cannot rest. If she lies down she is continually worrying herself with thoughts of the work that she is neglecting.

Much of the blame for this state of affairs lies at the doors of the mothers. The mistake is in their training of their children, especially their daughters. They are taught from earliest infancy to be kind to others, to bear with them, to forgive them, to help them; but from birth to death no one ever tells them to be kind, also, to themselves.

The woman who nags herself can make herself more miserable than anyone else possibly could. She can make her life more of a nightmare than any misfortune could possibly make it. If such women could learn to be kinder to themselves there is no doubt that their own lives would be lengthened; and not only that, but the lives of those with whom they come in close contact would be made far more pleasant.

## Life in London.

On the day after the visit of the German Zeppelin there occurred in Southwark—a wireless message from Berlin asserts—the following conversation:

"Betsy," whispered Mr. James, leading his wife into the darkest corner of the cellar, "here is a wallet. You will find in it all our valuable papers, the stocks and bonds, my will, my insurance policies, and the lock of baby's hair cut off on his first birthday. Good-by, Betsy. If I fail to return, bring up our children to be good English men and women."

"Oh, James, dear, you are not going on a dangerous journey, are you?"

"Yes, dearest. I must go up to the first floor."—New York Evening Post.

## Time Required.

"How long does it take you to go fishing?"

"Well, if you consider the time I actually fish, it takes only a few hours. But if you count in the time I consume waiting for conditions to be just right and arranging for bait, it takes several weeks."

## The Test.

"Do you think Mr. Spooner's intentions are serious?" asked the girl's mother.

"I don't know yet, mamma," replied the girl. "I'm going down to the jeweler's this afternoon to have his ring appraised."

The up-to-date war correspondent never fails to work in the word "imbroglio."

The railways of Egypt exceed 1,500 miles in length.

There are 24 clubs exclusively for ladies in London.

## SAILOR'S HARD FATE

Coal Oil and Hot Pie Proved a Bad Mixture.

Captain Bulling of the Bark Moonshine Spins a Yarn Having to Do With the Misadventure of Shipwrecked Yankee Seaman.

Squinting thoughtfully through sun-reddened eyes, Captain Bulling of the three-masted bark Moonshine, at anchor off Staten Island after a voyage of three months around the Horn from Valparaiso, watched the tug carrying his crew dwindle in the shadows toward the Battery.

"We rescued a whale-eatin' Maine sailor who was cast ashore on an island off Tierra del Fuego," the captain remarked thoughtfully. "But we lost him again, 'cause he couldn't get used to our food. Whale oil is worse'n liquor on a Yankee." And then, between savage attacks on a terrible cigar, he spun this harrowing yarn:

"We were beatin' it in a fair wind off the Horn late one night when the lookout sights a fire on an island to our wind'ard and sings out. I clapped the glasses to my eye and saw a lot of niggers wavin' and in front of 'em is a big fellow who looks like a bear. 'After a while a boat come back with this sailor, Joshton, who is sittin' in the stern, with his mouth open 'n' shuttin' like he is a clam."

"It seemed he was aboard the Mary Banter, with a load of lumber from 'Frisco to Norfolk, 14 years ago. Comin' around the Horn they met up with a blow and when Joshton woke up next he found himself on this coral island we took him off of."

"He must have fainted from hunger, when he was woke up by niggers pokin' him, and when he yelled they yelled, too, and fell down on their faces and kicked their toes up."

"He signed he wanted food and the niggers brought him whale blubber, which he hit one over the head with, signin' for water. They brought him a bowl of whale oil and he nearly went crazy. But that was all he could get, so he chewed the whale blubber and drank the oil slow and it put life into him."

"When I heard that yarn I yelled for the cook to fix him a meal that would make him forget his whale diet. He looked at it with glintenin' eyes when it come, and filled his mouth, but he can't eat it—and he can't drink any water."

"Twant any use. He drank some water one night and went starvin' wild, pulling the lamp from the bracket and drinking a quart of coal oil. I watched him, expectin' any minute to see him die, but it done him good. Yeasir, he smiled and said: 'That's fine. I believe, captain, I could stand another.' So I had 'em broach a keg of oil we had on deck, and gave him a schooner of it."

"That oil agreed with him. But two weeks ago—I'm off Hatteras—I heard a terrible roar from the galley and hurried out. I saw Joshton lit up inside so I could see his 'innards,' like his outside with a lamp chimney. Flames was issuing from his mouth, and he leaped into the sea, right over the rail. As he hit the water there was an explosion, and he was gone."

"Joshton was just drinkin' his hourly scooper of coal oil, and he wandered into the galley, just as the cook was pulling a hot pie out of the oven. Poor Joshton smelt that pie and it brought back memories so strong he couldn't resist. He reached over and picked that pie up and took a big bite, washin' it down with a swaller of coal oil. The heat was too much, there was combustion or something, and he lit up all over, being filled up for years with whale oil, you know, and in agony he jumped overboard."

Captain Bulling sighed morosely. "I lost the address of his folks, too," he said. "I can never tell 'em how he wanted to be remembered to 'em."

And he threw away his cigar, and cocked a sage eye toward the Statue of Liberty—she seemed to be smiling a bit in the sunset.

## What She Expected.

"Look at her," said the ironmonger, indicating a departing customer. "She sent her wringer here to be repaired. I promised it to her for this week, provided I could get a certain new part in time from the makers. I couldn't get it. Now she wants me to pay a charwoman, who came unnecessarily, half a crown an' twopence for the clothes."

The ironmonger paused to breathe heavily.

"But that's not all. Her husband dines out on washdays, and as he dined out on a washday that wasn't a washday—you understand?—she says I ought to pay for his dinner. No, she doesn't ask anything else. And they call 'em the weaker sex."—London Tit-Bits.

## Health and Excitement.

The sick rate in Russia has decreased since the war began. Part of the improvement—doubtless the greater part—is due to the passing of vodka, but something must be said for the curious way in which the human frame reacts to excitement and develops resistance to disease under the stimulus of strong interests or emotions.

The refugees from San Francisco, for example, had not been devotees of vodka, but they showed a wonderful health record during their period of enforced open-air life and short commons.

## He Would Not Corrupt Him.

Edmund had just begun to attend the public school, and had found a new friend, a child of whom Edmund's mother had never heard. "Who is this Walter?" she asked. "Is he a nice little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is!" replied Edmund, enthusiastically.

"Does he say any naughty words?" pursued his mother.

"No," with emphasis, "and I'm not going to teach him any!"—Youth's Companion.

## And So It Is.

"What do you consider the greatest human paradox?"

"A secret session of a woman's club."

A great many men with the ability to gather it in are hopelessly inadequate when it comes to turning it loose.

That a woman loves her husband is a probability. That she is jealous of him is a certainty.

Long Island has 1,376 square miles.

## There's Energy and Summer Comfort

in this simple breakfast:

It satisfies the appetite and is easily digested.

A little fresh Fruit;

## Grape-Nuts

and cream;

One or two soft-boiled Eggs;  
Some crisp, buttered Toast;  
And a cup of Instant Postum.

If digestion rebels at the customary meal, try the "Grape-Nuts Breakfast."

The result can be observed, and shows plainly

"There's a Reason"

FOR

Grape-Nuts

